

PHOTO BY JARVIS

LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL,  
Canadian High Commissioner to England.

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## Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal

**S**COTLAND points with just pride to the long list of illustrious sons whose labors in behalf of the Empire have indelibly stamped their names on the scroll of fame. The 'land of the heather' is a breeding place of genius but, by what is for the colonies a fortunate dispensation of Providence, nature seems not to have provided there a sufficient scope for its activity. Thus the Scot has gone forth to seek in other climes the opportunities denied by his native land. Scotland loses him, the Empire gains. The rapid political and industrial development of the colonies offer to the hand ready and willing to take hold, vast opportunities. To find these opportunities and to succeed, the Scot has wandered through the Greater Britain in America, Africa and Australia. In our own country especially have these sons of destiny been favored, and in the building up of Canada many a Scotsman has made his mark. We are concerned in this article with one of these, a Scotch Canadian, a worthy subject for a more worthy pen, that 'type of a man', known to us better perhaps as Donald Smith, revered by all as Lord Strathcona.

Donald H. Smith was born in 1820 at Archieston a village in Morayshire, There he received a solid education and at the age of eighteen, acting on the advice of an uncle employed with the Hudson

Bay Co., he sought and obtained employment with that Company, Without hesitation he bade farewell to home and country to sail for the then little known British North America. On his arrival at Montreal he was immediately sent on to a Hudson Bay post on the bleak Labrador coast. After thirteen years here was transferred to the North West, 'the great lone land', where he grew up with the West and after a series of promotions at length became a chief Factor, afterwards a Resident Governor, and finally Chief Commissioner of the Company in Canada, a position he still holds.

This rapid advance from a clerkship at £20 a year in a lonely corner of Labrador to places of emolument and trust forms a life-work in itself satisfactory, but 'twas not enough for Donald. This energetic beginning was but a stepping stone to greater achievements; the preliminary successes just recorded were dwarfed into seeming insignificance by his subsequent progress. In the space at our disposal we shall endeavor to touch on a few features.

The Province of Manitoba needed a railway. A line running from St. Paul northward owned by a Dutch syndicate was in the hands of the receiver. Jas. J. Hill and Donald Smith purchased the bonds of the road and undertook its extension to Winnipeg. From the date of the transfer, the road became a paying concern. It was originally known as the St. Paul and Pacific, and from it has branched the Great Northern, one of the most powerful financial interests of the United States. Thus the future Lord Strathcona was largely instrumental in giving to the West its first railway.

The most far reaching result of this venture was the development of the company which at a later date undertook the construction of our transcontinental system, the Canadian Pacific Railway. A strong English company had faltered before the enormous task. Capitalists looked askance at a project involving the expenditure of millions of money, the object of which was to connect the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of Canada by a steel ribbon, running for the most part through a barren land covered for the greater part of the year with snow and ice. Governments and their policies of construction were defeated, and the spendthrift scheme was generally considered unfeasible. But Donald Smith and his associates had unbounded faith in the future of their country; they had the deter-

mination to succeed, and they set their shoulders to the wheel. Despite the croakers, so remarkably successful were they that the last spike was driven by Donald Smith five years before the expiration of the allotted time. Of the guiding genius of the work, Sir Charles Tupper said "the Canadian Pacific Railway would have no existence to-day, notwithstanding all that the Government did to support that undertaking had it not been for the indomitable pluck, energy and determination both financially and in every other respect of Sir Donald Smith." Mr. J. J. Hill, his associate in the enterprise has placed on record this appreciation. "The one person to whose efforts and to whose confidence in the growth of our country our success in railway development is due, is Sir D. H. Smith."

In public life the railway-magnate was destined to play an important if not a conspicuous part. The troublous times of the Riel disturbance in 1869-70 first brought him into prominence. Because of his knowledge of the country and its people, he was at that time appointed by the Dominion Government, a special Commissioner to enquire into the causes of discontent. By his eminent services in this capacity he did much to allay the distrust of the half breeds and to bring about the final adjustment of the difficulty—services for which he received the public thanks of the Governor General in Council.

After the organization of the Province of Manitoba he was sent to the Legislature of that province by the constituency of Winnipeg and St. John. He was also called to the North West Territorial Council and returned for Selkirk to the House of Commons, which seat he held until 1880. In 1887 he was again sent to the House of Commons, this time by Montreal West with a majority of 1450. Although he retired definitely from politics in 1896, nothing, however, of Canadian interest was stranger to him, and we find him appointed by the Bowell Administration, a delegate to the Manitoba Government, with reference to the School Question. The same year came his appointment as High Commissioner, or representative of Dominion interests in England, a position in which the Laurier Government on its advent to power confirmed him, in recognition of his ability and the honor and dignity lent by his personality to the Canadian name.

Yet further though less onerous dignities awaited the veteran nation-builder. In 1886 in recognition of his services to the Empire in connection with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he was created K. C. M. G., and this title was amplified to that of Knight Grand Cross. At the completion of the 60th year of the re'gn of Her Majesty Queen Victoria the peerage was honored by the elevation of Sir Donald Smith to the rank of Baron Strathcona and Mount-Royal of Glencoe in Scotland and Montreal in Canada. The Queen herself honored him. Cambridge made him LL. D. in 1887, and Yale followed suit in 1892. To-day Queen's emulates the older seats. In the midst of these tokens of respect and veneration cumulating in an old man's declining years, there is no doubt that the thing most dear to him is the consciousness that his name is a household word in Canada.

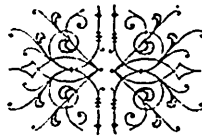
We have spoken throughout of the man in the public eye; it must not be forgotten that his brilliant career is due to solid foundations of character that make his private life a beneficial study. He received as a gift of the land of his birth a wondrous vitality and energy; his Scotch blood brought with it business sagacity and foresight; he was integrity itself and exceptionally broadminded in his views—a man, in fact, made to win and to win honestly.

Of his integrity let us give but one example. When rival interests strove to crowd J. P. Morgan out of the Great Northern, securities rose to the neighborhood of 700. Lord Strathcona who was a large holder might have realized to the extent of four millions of dollars, but refused to dispose of his holdings because he had given a verbal promise to Mr. Morgan that he would not do so.

Side by side with honesty blossomed in his heart that other virtue, charity. We can speak here, only of his princely public benefactions, for example, his gift of the Royal Victoria Hospital, one of the finest institutions on the continent, erected and equipped at a cost of a million dollars, a gift afterwards supplemented by a further donation of \$800,000 for maintenance in which Lord Mount Stephen shared. His subventions to educational work alone total a million dollars. His unostentatious works of relief and mercy may be guessed at. We desire to close this sketch by gratefully acknowledging *our* debts to Lord Strathcona as students of Ottawa. This year, recognizing the usefulness of our University, realizing that its power for good was considerably cur-

tailed by our recent disaster, and prompted by a generosity that knows not the bounds of creed, he forwarded to the Rev. President his cheque for ten thousand dollars. This generous action endears still more to us one whom we had already learned to regard as one of 'Nature's gentlemen'.

C. J. J. '07.



### The Spirit of the Spring.

Beneath the prisoning bark, below  
The cruel chains of ice and snow,  
A stirring, stirring, restless thing,  
It wakes—The Spirit of the Spring!  
Held down by forces of the air,  
Opposed and hindered everywhere,  
A throbbing, longing eager thing,  
It wakes—The Spirit of the Spring!  
Resistless are its energies;  
Through cold and storm, it shall arise  
To pulse new life along the limbs,  
To sing its resurrection hymns,  
The struggling, climbing, soaring thing,  
Unconquered Spirit of the Spring!

S. N.



# Literary Department.

## A Spring Idyl.

“**H**AIL gentle Spring, ethereal mildness come”! Who has not retained at least this much from the well-thumbed pages of a “Third Reader”? And yet, how few there are who have paused for an instant, to wonder if Thomson, the laziest of poets, could have known aught of the house-cleaning feature of the gentle season!

Presumably not, for being an essentially mundane subject, it is one from which Minerva withholds her smiles, and upon which the harp of the minstrel is proverbially silent. Naturally then, we conclude, those periodical interruptions of domestic tranquillity known as: “Spring cleaning” had no part in disturbing the unbroken serenity of the “Castle of Indolence”, and that the author of “The Seasons” could never have doffed his coat or tucked up his sleeves preparatory to assisting Susan in adjusting the stove-pipe. It has often been a matter of wonder to me why that pensive, long haired, romantically gotten up, sky-ward gazing creature, the spring poet, should have neglected a theme of such deep interest to humanity. It may be because of the peculiar faculty, indigenous. I believe, to the optic nerve of those on whom the gifts of the Muse have been showered—of seeing what to others is invisible and vice-versa.

However, that may be, house-cleaning is a tangible, night-marish, uninviting reality, and poets, as I have heard, with the exception perhaps of an immortal few, rarely deal in realism.

Now that spring is here, and that oracular volume, the ‘Almanac’, assures shivering, doubting Ottawans it has at last arrived, let us take a sorrowful peep at petticoated humanity, and see if tearful clouds and mud-puddles have not given rise in the female heart, to an eager, restless desire to brandish duster, broom and scrubbing-brush for the purpose of restoring chaos to order. Our intellectual neighbors below the boundary line, those near but not on the historic bean-growing soil of Boston, are not free from this universal desire, but at the first dulcet notes welling up from the familiar hand organ, the first melancholy croak of the frogs

in the marshes, the Eastern "bas bleu" takes from her learned nose the inevitable spectacles and gliding (they do not walk in Boston) from the dim shadows of the library to a more realistic region, she flourishes household weapons with an almost western energy, and succeeds in "making things right smart," in a very short space of time.

Of course, we all know there is no use of devoting attention to individuals of the genus 'man', for after partaking of a hearty breakfast and shooting satirical remarks across the table, with almost Japanese fatality, the burden of which is "the insane folly of converting ones house into a Vesuvius every year, and making life miserable for the sake of a little soap and water" that amiable animal or "clothes-screen" as Carlyle calls him, dons his well brushed hat and with a parting explosive, after the manner of Juvenal, departs on his way rejoicing.

In the meantime the feminine agitators of the house-cleaning question are left to struggle with cob-webs, fall into unexpected pails of water, and hammer tacks into their fingers at their own sweet will, until luncheon, when, of course, the "screen" reappears on the stage. How furiously the faultlessly gotten up creature frowns, as the united forces of petticoats troop in upon him and beg him to assist in the banishment of the kitchen stove!! How he fumes when the treacherous pipe trembles and falls dangerously near his nose, and nearly smothers him in a cloud of soot.

They say there is a silver lining to every cloud—but who could perceive even a stray, vagrant gleam of sunshine lessening the gloom of house-cleaning? Nothing less than a poet's eye, or, it may be, a pair of Boston spectacles, could see the unseeable. But why dwell on the distressing scene? What imagination so dull as to be unable to picture the untold misery of the migratory period devoted to moving and house-cleaning? Let us pause for an instant and listen to the reply: "None", as it floats up to us from the grave of past experience.

It is at this time, when the dish-pan is found on the piano, the piano in the kitchen, and the kitchen the only thing in its place, that we may envy the bliss of the man in the moon, whose never ceasing smile of unalloyed serenity is very eloquent of darkest ignorance of the miseries of house-cleaning. It is at this turbulent period also that wretched Benedicts meet friends revelling in "single-



blessedness" and, clapping them cordially on the shoulder, beseech them, in all sincerity, never, so long as they live and retain their reason, to approach an "apron-string" or surrender themselves victims to the popular house-cleaning mania.

In the midst of all this tumult, little Miss Prim, the only old maid in my neighborhood, opens her shutters, thrusts her cork-screw frizzes out into the chill April air, for the laudable purpose of taking an inventory of her neighbour's household goods, and jerks them violently in as she hears the ponderous door of No. 22 close with a bang and knows the "screen" is departing for his office.

How fidgety, little Miss Prim exults over her independence as she smoothes her ruffled winglets and glances complacently round her cosy sanctum, and consoles herself for what she may have lost, with that never failing resource, a soothing cup of tea! Ah! who would not want to be a spinster and with the spinsters dwell! But this is digressing. About the middle of April, Mr. Smith, (representing all mankind) begins to grow fidgety; his face grows thin, and acquires a melancholy woe-begone expression; his appetite grows less, his figure grows shadowy and his apprehensions grow great - for the troubled looks of Mrs. S. are terribly eloquent of house-cleaning. There is but one chance of escape, a mere straw, but Smith, in his present state of mind would catch at a sunbeam. So, way down in the 'sanctum sanctorum' of his heart, he resolves to have a pressing engagement with Jones, at the first cound of the hammer. But alas! this is but one of the many schemes of impotent mortals to gainsay what the fates have decreed! And the storm bursts over his cowardly head, with frightful fury, and the clatter of active brooms, the din of falling crockery, the bedlam of a dozen hammers with the 8 F.1 tones of Susan playing an agreeable accompaniment to the whole, warn the wretched man that he is one of the many victims whose name is "legion". With an awful conviction that there is no escape, he proceeds with his toilet until the discovery of an absent button renders further proceeding dreadfully impossible. "Maria", screams Mr. Smith from the front chamber, second floor, down to Mrs. Smith, perched on the dizzy summit of a step-ladder, annihilating invisible cob-webs. "Maria", again roars Mr. Smith: "I've lost a button off my shirt"! "Well, supposing you have", snaps his busy spouse, "there's nothing new nor wonderful in that I'm sure, and no one knows that better than you, Mr. Smith; you

always took delight in pulling off buttons. The needles and thread are in the work box, on the shelf, in the left hand corner of the "wardrobe, if Susan has not put them in the cellar". Poor, long suffering Mr. Smith then perhaps makes elaborate attempts to button his collar to nothing, and failing miserably, cautiously feels his way down-stairs. A journey among the catacombs would scarcely be a matter of more uncertainty or attended with greater danger, than a trip from the upper to the lower regions on house-cleaning days. These are, at least, Mr. Smith's sentiments, as he begins the descent. He climbs manfully over a huge pyramid of chairs, struggles heroically over an intervening wash-tub, nearly sets his foot into a misplaced custard, and, horrified at the narrowness of his escape, allows the other boot to fall with crushing force on the tail of the slumbering feline, who, true to her melodious instincts, immediately executes an unearthly symphony in A minor, materially increasing the general harmony.

Brought to a sudden standstill, the unfortunate man gazes despairingly at the multitude of tin pans, sauce-pans, frying pans and every species of pans known to civilization, surrounding him and, confessing himself unequal to the situation, sinks despairingly into a pail of hot soap suds. But why dwell on the harrowing scene? Let us leave Mr. S. thus comfortably seated, meditating upon the unhappy condition of mankind in general, and the Smith portion in particular, and with glass in hand, let us take a sweeping glimpse of the world from some Serene height—say Parliament Hill—and beckoning to the host of strong-minded females expounding their views on 'womans rights' beg, entreat, implore them to raise their sweet voices for the abolishment of house-cleaning from the face of the earth.

C. G. RAY.



## The World's Greatest Poems.

## IV.—HOMER'S "ILIAD".



R. Augustine Birrell, among his delightful "Obiter Dicta," (1) has what one must, I suppose, call, for want of a better name, an essay on Pope, whom he ranks "amongst the first of the successful authors", those "who have turned their lyrical cry into consols, and their "odes into acres".(2) As might be expected, he devotes a due share of attention to the poet's translation of Homer;

"Since, thanks to Homer, I do live and thrive": whereanent, he relates a pleasant anecdote, to the effect that "Homer's Iliad is "the best, and Pope's Homer's Iliad is the second best. Whose is "the third best", Mr. Birrell adds, "is controversy."

Pope, certainly, did "live and thrive" by Homer's aid, as he, himself, admits, as above, in his one of his Epistles—I think. The Iliad took him five years to translate—or write; but he cleared over \$25,000 thereby; no inadequate "remuneration", surely. Note, if you will, that I said "write", rather than "translate"; for Pope, as Mr. Augustine Birrell reminds us "knew next to no Greek." "But then" he continues, he did not work upon the Greek text. "He "had Chapman's translation ever at his elbows, also the version of "John Ogilvy, which had appeared in 1660". (3)

Concerning Chapman's "Iliads of Homer" I shall have something to say, presently. Concerning Pope's work, listen to Professor Conington, (4) as quoted by Mr. Birrell:

"It has been, and I hope still is, the delight of every intelligent school-boy. They read of kings and heroes, and mighty "deeds, in language which in its calm, majestic flow, unhasting, "unresting, carries them on as irresistibly as Homer's own could do, "were they born readers of Greek, and their minds are filled with "a conception of the heroic age, not, indeed, strictly true, but almost as near the truth as that which was entertained by Virgil himself." Possibly, Professor Conington's hope may, hereafter, be fulfilled in the case of Ottawa University students. *Fiat.*

(1) Second series.

(2) P. 75.

(3) *Ibid.*

(4) P. 76.

So much for Pope, on high authority; none higher, one might say, than Professor Conington. With regard to Chapman, let us hear what another poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne has to say, (5) since "Introductions" such as these must, necessarily, I am afraid, consist, chiefly, of quotations from various authorities, to whom, as to the authors—or poems—treated of, some few, at least, of those who read, will turn a close and careful attention.

George Chapman, translator of Homer, was born in 1559, and died in 1634; lived that is, in what was, unquestionably, the golden era of English literature, the age of Queen Elizabeth; whereof Carlyle, in "The Hero as Poet", writes thus: "In some sense it may be said that this glorious Elizabethan Era, with its Shakespeare as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the middle ages".

Of Chapman's "Iliads of Homer", Mr. Swinburne has this to say:

"The objections which a just and adequate judgment may bring against Chapman's master-work, his translation of Homer, may be summed up in three epithets: it is romantic, laborious, Elizabethan... but setting this apart, and considering the poems as, in the main, original works... no praise can be too warm or high for the power, the freshness, the indefatigable strength and inextinguishable fire which animate this exalted work."

Charles Kingsley, in "Hypatia", describes the effect on an untrained, uneducated, but sensitive nature,—that of Philammon, the boy-monk, caused by hearing, for the first time, "the mighty thunder-roll of Homer's verse". He speaks, in a note, of Chapman and of Pope as having "failed", and adds "It is simply, I believe, impossible to render Homer into English verse, because, for one reason among many, it is impossible to preserve the pomp of sound, which invests with grandeur his most common words."

Yet Kingsley's "humble attempt" has in it something which Lord Derby's translation misses: Kingsley could "manage" blank verse,—a most difficult art, by the way—Lord Derby "had not caught the difficult secret" And, since it must, evidently, add no small measure of interest to what is, I fear, a somewhat dry paper, let me quote at random, from Kingsley, from Chapman, and from Pope. More, you can read for yourselves.

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(5) Enc. Brit. v. pp. 396, 397.

First, then, from Kingsley:

"Then spake tall Hector, with the glancing helm:--  
 "All this I too have watched, my wife; yet much  
 "I hold in dread the scorn of Trojan men,  
 "And Trojan women with their trailing shawls,  
 "If, like a coward, I should skulk from war.  
 "Beside, I have no lust to stay; I have learnt  
 "Aye to be bold, to lead the van of fight,  
 "To win my father, and myself, a name."

Next, from Chapman, whose "Iliads", you may buy, for fifty cents a volume, in Dent's delightful series of "Temple Classics"

This, from the fight, in Book VII, between Ajax and Hector, will serve our turn:

"But Ajax, following his lance, smote through his target quite,  
 "And stay'd bold Hector rushing in; the lance held way outright,  
 "And hurt his neck; out gusht the blood. Yet Hector ceast not so,  
 "But in his strong hand took a flint, as he did backwards go,  
 "Black, sharp, and big, laid in the field; the sevenfold targe it  
smit
 "Full on the boss, and round about the brass aid ring with it."

That, of course, is ballad metre, and, to that extent, probably, nearer akin to the original "ballads" than more exact, or more polished rendering can hope to attain.

Lastly from Pope, again at haphazard.

"As full-blown poppies, overcharged with rain,  
 "Decline the head, and, drooping, kiss the plain-  
 "So sinks the youth; his beauteous head, deprest  
 "Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast."

[Book VIII. 371]

A word, by way of conclusion, concerning what one may call, for want of a better term, the ethics of the Homeric poems, their expression, so to say, of that language of the human soul which it is our task to seek, and to interpret, as best we may, in all these, its utterances. The subject, you may note, is treated, fully and adequately, by a writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica"; (6) indeed, a careful study of the poems, themselves, in either Chapman's version,

(6) *Sub voce* Homer q. v.

or in Pope's, will give, to any intelligent seeker, sufficient insight into the ethics of these "Gentiles who knew not God". This much, however, we may quote, from the article referred to:

"The conception of 'law' is foreign to Homer". Again: "As there is no law in Homer, so there is no morality... The heroes of Homer are hardly more moral agents than the giants and enchanters of a fairy tale."

To what causes this practical absence of ethics,—non-existence, is, perhaps, a better term,—is due, this is neither the time, nor am I fitted, to decide. A partial parallel might, possibly, be found in the "non-moral" Drama of the Restoration; a better one in a study of folk-lore. But you will, I think, find the best explanation by consulting the "*Doctor Gentium*", S. Paul, who knew his age, Jewish, Christian, Pagan, better than any of his contemporaries. Read, those who will, the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, verse 18, to verse 25, and you will understand why Homer, and the heathen world—with few exceptions—knew naught of ethics.

Yet Homer, if you will but listen, gives utterance to the "*De Profundis*" of many a soul setting "*in tenebris et umbra mortis*". And that cry is always worthy of being listened to.

F. W. G.

P. S.—Read Keats' sonnet at the end of Vol. 2 of Chapman's *Iliads*.

## The Right of Way.



WELL known Canadian novel, "The Right of Way" by Gilbert Parker, introduces to the reader a young Montreal lawyer who was somewhat addicted to intemperance in the use of his liqueur and openly agnostic.

Charley Steele, or "Beauty Steele" as he was familiarly known, after receiving a curtain lecture in his office, the only one ever administered to him by his proud but beautiful and even-tempered wife "went on a time" and met with an escapade which had important consequences that furnished the materials for this interesting story. He was nearly murdered by being assaulted in a bar-room and thrown into the adjoining river where he was picked up half dead with a deep gash in his head.

The man who picked him up had been successfully defended by him in a charge of murder, and out of gratitude took him to himself in his secluded hut, on the "Vadrome Mountain", where he nursed him into recovery. But when Charley Steele awakened from his stupor in his rescuer's hovel, his mind was a complete blank, all his past was forgotten and he was a new or "phantom" Charley. Later on his mind was restored by a medical operation performed by a skilful Parisian surgeon who had been brought to him by the Curé of the near by village of Chaudiere. The Curé was the physician's brother.

After Charley Steele's restoration, he would not, however, return to his former life because by his so doing he would bring not only unhappiness upon the wife, Kathleen, whom he had left behind and who, supposing him to be dead, had married again, but also disgrace upon her brother who was guilty of stealing trust moneys, a crime which his return to the old life would expose, because he would have to vindicate himself from being the culprit as he was falsely believed to be, since the stolen money had been deposited with him in trust.

After some months he left his friend's abode in the mountain and secured employment in an old tailor's shop in the village of Chaudiere. Here he became acquainted with one Rosalie Evanturel, the heroine of the story, an employe in the local post office there. His life at Chaudiere, moulded by his past shrouded in mystery, and Rosalie's part in it, form the burden of the story.

Mr. Parker in assuming the role of an exponent to some extent of the religious beliefs and moral natures of the French people of Quebec, went beyond his depth. The author of "The Right of Way" falls far short of competency to do justice to the religious side of his characters, notwithstanding his reputation for broad mindedness. He seems in dealing with them to be laboring under the disadvantage of preconceived misconceptions.

The river men at the Cote Dorion came in for the first manifestation of his incapacity to acquit himself generously of his self-imposed task. These were the men who nearly murdered Charley Steele, Catholics who "held religion in superstitious respect, however far from practising its precepts." There was no need, whatever, for this animadversion. A bar-room where men were drinking could and did easily furnish the occasion for an assault without the aid of religion or superstition. Charley Steele, the foppish young lawyer with his monocle in his eye standing near the bar,

exchanging now and again words with the bar maid that aroused the jealousy of the river men who belonged to an entirely different sphere of life from his, resented their rudeness "with impertinent deprecation." All were more or less under the influence of liquor. This was enough to account for the assault without garnishing the circumstances by irrelevant moralising at the expense of a hardy class of useful laborers. It is uncertain whether the assault was made by one or more, as the lights were out when it was committed.

Later on the reader finds Charley Steele at bay before a court of inquiry held at his friends house in the Vadrome Mountain. The complainant was the Abbé Rossignol of the City of Quebec. The news of his living in the village of Chaudiere among Catholics, an infidel whose past was shrouded in mystery, had reached the ears of this ecclesiastic and disquieted him. It was learned by him that this strange man had appeared in the vicinity of Chaudiere with an injured head three days after the Cathedral at Quebec had been broken into and its gold altar vessels stolen by an unknown man who was also suspected of having blown up the Governor's house at Quebec the same day.

The efforts attributed to the Abbé Rossignol to fasten the crime committed at Quebec upon Charley Steele, upon such a paltry suspicion, present him as an intolerant bigot, the very opposite extreme of the type of the Catholic clergy of Quebec. He is also described as a man "beneath whose arrogant churchmanship there was a fanatical spirituality of a mediaeval kind." This reference serves as an introduction to the scene in the woods of Vadrome Mountain when Joe Portugais knelt at confession to the Abbé whose whole conduct and demeanor in this instance were placed on the defensive. His painful sense of responsibility was mentioned in veiled deprecation. Mr. Parker, however, could not conceal the fact that Joe Portugais' confession had one good effect, that of making the Abbé discontinue his endeavors to find Charley Steele guilty of the crimes for which he had been suspected by him.

M. Loisel, the Curé of Chaudiere, fares, however, very much better. He is represented as a gentle, kindly and tolerant spirit. And yet no hint is given that his goodness was the fruit of his religion. Agnosticism was made to appear as rather a merit in Charley Steele, an aid instead of a hindrance to his intellect. His attitude towards his Catholic acquaintances seemed like the patronising be-



haviour of a superior towards his dependents. And irreligion seemed to make him more abundant in good works than they.

Rosalie Evanturel falls far short of the true type of a model Catholic although the author meant to present her as a model Christian. He failed to draw a faithful picture of a true Catholic heroine in this charming young French girl. The picture wanted some touches of spiritual beauty which were foreign to his conceptions. When Charley Steele held a bottle of poison in his hand as a means to "eliminate himself", she declared herself ready to "go also", meaning suicide, and further that she would "lose her soul" to be with him, he would "need her there". Later on she deferred her confession because forsooth she had a secret which as a matter of fact probably needed no telling in confession, as it was evident it was not the sin of being ready to commit suicide but her lawful love for Charley Steele, whose marriage with Kathleen was unknown to her.

The author seemed quite unconscious of the fact that he was detracting from the beauty of Rosalie's character by allowing these blemishes in its picture. On the contrary he appeared to think they only served to make her and Charley Steele "two perfect panels in one picture of life", to use the words applied by the hero long before to his intended union with Kathleen. He did not mean or wish to be unfair, but when he entered the proper domain for Catholic literature, his limitations became almost painfully apparent. The description of the celebration of St. Jean Baptiste's day is very minute and graphic, but it is all holiday, a general "fête" day with no religious aspect. In the whole novel one fails to find any appreciation of the simple faith, sincere piety and edifying devotion of the "habitants". These had little real attraction or meaning for him.

After the Passion play performed in the woods at Vadrome Mountain in which Rosalie took a part, "A girl in the garb of the Magdalen entered the tent of the Curé, and speaking no word, knelt and received absolution of her sins." Perhaps Rosalie was a privileged character, the heroine of a novel that needed no actual confession of her sins, in the judgment of the author, before receiving absolution.

The next occasion on which we find M. Loisel employed in the administration of his sacred office was when Charley Steele was prompted to "welcome death from the void" as a solution for all the disagreeable problems of his life. The Curé's great aspiration was to bring him into the fold of the Church. He bends eagerly over him and urges reasons for his confession. To one of

his questions Charley at last answers "tell them so", and forthwith he hastens to announce to the anxious people outside beneath the window the news of the conversion, the great change.

Charley heard the Curé's voice at the window "and shuddered". He suddenly raised himself so that the bandage of his wound "slipped, or was it slipped?" That is the way Mr. Parker puts it. And it may be, therefore, asked did Charley slip the bandage to end the problem of becoming a Catholic? The Curé still said the offices of the Church over him, whatever they were, while Charley was unconscious. His was evidently the charity that believeth all things, hopeth all things. It seems a pity that the great desire of the Curé's life was not more substantially rewarded. He had asked for bread and received a stone. Charley Steele's "physical" deliverance from the liquor habit was surely of less importance than his spiritual emancipation which should have followed, instead of its heartless mimicry.

A. MCGILLIVRAY

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## APRIL.

There's a secret I will whisper  
To no one else but you.  
What if I told you I had found  
The place where kittens grew?  
It is very, very true.  
I have seen them—not a few,  
But by dozens and by dozens,  
With their sisters and their cousins;  
And I *think* I heard them mew!  
Come closer now to me,  
It was on a willow tree,  
(And it surely was as strange a place  
To choose as it could be!)  
When I saw them all to-day;  
And their little coats were gray  
Of the softest, softest fur;  
And I *know* I heard them pur.

H. F. B.

# The Reviewer's Corner.

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## Book Review.

"Kate of Kate Hall" by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, is a book, bright, clever, entertaining and thoroughly up to date. "Smart" seems to describe it better than any other word.

The plot is especially well thought out; unlike most novels this one does not reveal the whole plot in the first two or three chapters. Surprise follows surprise and events are constantly introduced for which the reader can find no possible explanation. Thus the interest never lags but is sustained until the closing line.

There is a noticeable absence of lengthy descriptions of people or scenes. The characters speak almost constantly. Only seven or eight months pass while the whole story is being worked out.

A dry humor runs through the book that reminds one of Dickens. Many a clever sarcastic phrase is noticeable too.

The characters are just human enough to each in turn disappoint us a little.

While one reads the book for the first time with breathless interest 'tis a question whether it is worthy of a second or a third perusal—or, in other words, whether it is literature or not.

One feels a sort of uncertainty about the earnestness of the writer. She may be laughing at human nature even when she seems most serious. The book is in danger of offending by its ultra-smartness.

B. D.

"Beverly of Graustark". Geo. B. McCutcheon. Ginn & Co.

George Barr McCutcheon, who belongs to the new school of entertainers from the Middle West—a school chiefly known through the work of Peter Dunne, the creator of Mr. Dooley.

In a spirit, characteristically American, George Barr McCutcheon portrays the Americans' pride as a nation, not forgetting to draw attention to their power of bluff, of which the heroine, Beverly Calhoun, made frequent use. The book keeps us interested for the greatest part of the time, in Graustark, a mite of a principality in north eastern Germany. "Graustark, the Ancient": as

the author is pleased to call it; "Where all unite to sing the song of peace and contentment, where prince and pauper strike hands for the love of the land, while outside, the great heartless world goes rumbling on, without a thought of the rare little principality among the eastern mountains."

We reach this spot after following Beverly Calhoun on her extraordinary travels from St. Petersburg to Edelweiss, the Capital of Graustark, where her dear friend Yetive, the reigning Princess is expecting her. The Princess had married an American, at the very tag-end of the nineteenth century. Yetive and her American husband, having lived for two years in Washington, the Princess and Beverly had become loyal and constant friends. This accounts for her visit to Graustark, and her meeting in one of the perilous mountain passes, a brigand who proved to be a fugitive ruler of a neighboring principality; hearing the Princess of Graustark had gone on a secret visit to the Czar, he mistakes Beverly for the Princess; through Beverly's deceiving him, he accompanies her to Graustark, and after many adventures, regains his throne and marries Beverly Calhoun.

McCutcheon, unlike the author of Richard Carvel and The Crisis, makes his heroine use the vernacular usually ascribed to the colored people; while Dorothy Manners and Virginia Carvel have the mannerisms peculiar to the refined southern people. The plot is not complicated. On the appearance of the bandit, one easily pierces his disguise and guesses that he is of much more importance than he seems. We all know, that the heroes and heroines of some tales would have been spared much pain from misunderstandings, had the heroine asked her hero, "What are you mad about?" Beverly very sensibly avoids unnecessary heartache by having an explanation with her lover. The book reads easily enough, it demonstrates the capabilities and ambition of the ubiquitous American Girl, but undoubtedly the reader feels, that after his journey of 357 pages, he has not received all the pleasure anticipated.

C. D.

THE CROSSING, by Winston Churchill. *Copp, Clark Co. Ltd., Toronto.*

Admirers of Winston Churchill must feel while reading his latest book, *The Crossing*, that the three years that have passed since he gave us *The Crisis*, have been excellently well spent and that their waiting has not been in vain. Like his former works,

'The Crossing' is an historical novel, and shows its author eminently fitted to continue along his chosen path in literature. Judging from the reception accorded the book, Winston Churchill has probably won a place in the ranks of the foremost novelists of the day.

The Crossing opens at a period of time in American history earlier than that dealt with in the Crisis. Washington ruled as President over the colonies just won from England and the flag of Spain floated above the forts of Louisiana. As the author himself tells us in his "Afterword", 'The Crossing' means the first instructive reaching out of an infant nation which was one day to become a giant." It unfolds the wonderful story of the conquest and Americanization of Kentucky and Tennessee by the sturdy pioneers and early settlers, "the vanguard of civilization", who having won an empire, fought for and held it in the face of incredible difficulties and danger, and succeeded in laying the foundations of the great Republic of to-day which owes them so much and which often forgets its obligations. The pages teem with stories of the daring exploits and undaunted courage of these men, with thrilling scenes of massacre by the frenzied red-skins, with plots and intrigues and counter-plots, for those were troublous times for the struggling colonies and there were many enemies, within and without,

The characters are mostly real people whose names are well known to history and whose descendants are enjoying the blessings won by their courage and toil. There is Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Missouri whose deeds of valor in old Virginia have been chronicled and celebrated, who lost his sons in the Indian massacres and devoted his own life to the good of the settlers and succeeded at last in seeing his life-wish granted in the opening up of the enchanting valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri. And there are good Monsieur Vigo and other loyal Frenchmen who gave their all for the country and received such an ill return. For the book, being a story of real life, does not always represent its heroes, as receiving their just reward, but rather shows us that a nation can often be ungrateful, and that common-wealths, like princes, are not to be trusted. There is a refreshing vision of Andrew Jackson as a boy, "who dug his bare-toes in the mud," was champion fighter in the little log school at Charlestown, was nicknamed "Sandy Andy" on account of the brilliant hue of his locks and later fought his enemies with fence rails. We get a glimpse of Governor Hamilton, the dreaded "Hair buyer", who bribed the Indians to help the cause of England, but our indignation softens at the sight of him, for we

see him conquered and the chronicler pictures him as, a man "with a great sorrow stamped on his face."

But the man who wins our unlimited admiration is George Rogers Clark, colonel and leader by the sheer force of his genius in the days when genius was so needed. Perhaps in all history, it would be hard to find a parallel for the wonderful campaign, conducted by this "man of destiny", this hero of 26 who, with a little band of 170 back woods men and *coureurs-des-bois* swam through chilling waters, endured incredible sufferings and faced untold horrors in order to surprise his enemy, Hamilton, in his stronghold of 800 men, and did surprise him, winning for the Republic, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. And by a master stroke he gained the confidence and friendship of 40 tribes without a bribe. Pity that he lived to be unfortunate and to feel his country's forgetfulness. Little Davy the Colonel's drummer boy, commissiary-general and strategist is indeed a "canny" boy, almost too good to be a possibility. But we love him for he drummed his men to victory and then told it all so well.

Many a light and tender touch relieves the darker scenes owing to the inevitable interference of the ubiquitous little god Cupid, and happily his ventures turn out favorably. As the story closes we stand on the banks of the yellow Mississippi, and watch in silence the tricolor of France, before which the flag of Spain had given place, and which had rippled in the breeze above Louisiana for one brief day, gave place in turn and forever to the Star Spangled Banner.

M. D.

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### Among the Magazines.

*The Canadian Month* (formerly *The Cross*) publishes a series of letters—some sympathetic and some antagonistic—commenting on the resolutions of the Irish Bishops *re* Sir John Nutting's proposals to Trinity College; which proposals the bishops characterized as being "in spirit, an offering of pecuniary bribes in no way differing from those so often offered to Catholic boys to induce them to frequent proselytising schools in the West of Ireland and elsewhere." We notice that most of the letters whose tone is antagonistic to the views expressed by the Irish hierarchy are written by graduates of T. D. C.; many of them in America! The idea of men in America

(clergy or otherwise) passing censure upon, and opposing their judgment to, the judgment of the Irish bishops! The thing is preposterous! If the Irish clergy go not understand the true state of religious affairs in Ireland to-day, we should like to know who does? Those learned critics here in America see only the surface of things; the Irish clergy look deeper. They know full well the motives which inspired the good baronet's offer.

The Catholics of Ireland have asked for a university of their own and they evidently mean to have it. They are willing to take any settlement which does not organically effect their original demands, as was shown by their willingness to meet Lord Dunraven's proposals more than half way, but a Catholic University they are determined to have. But England, with her characteristic stubbornness, which never grants an Irish prayer until it has become a threat, has begun her old temporizing methods. "You want the pure gold," she says, "let us give you an imitation. It does not ring true, but it looks the same." The Irish clergy by long, bitter experience have learned to recognize these methods, and in Sir John Nutting's proposals they see the thin edge of the wedge with which England intends to destroy Ireland's chances for a Catholic University.

But apart from this, what Catholic with any pride in his religion would not pause before the traditions which confront him at the gates of Trinity. In its very Charter and Letters Patent, we are told that it was established lest "our people might be infected with Popery (!) and other ill qualities" if they received their education "in such foreign universities"; and a hundred years have not passed since noble Catholic heads decorated its gates. Now we are told Trinity is open to all; it has become non-sectarian—and yet only the other day, one might say, one of its leading professors, R. V. Tyrrell, burst forth in a most insulting and abusive sonnet, and, not content with that, repeats his insults in prose. And now, because T. C. D. throws out a sop to Irish Catholic Ireland, our *ci-devant* Irishmen here in America, work themselves into a state of indignation at the Irish hierarchy for refusing it. And these learned critics are the very men who are always complaining that the Irish clergy are too ready to cringe before the government in order to obtain small concessions. The sentiment of the Irish clergy is, moreover,

in complete accord with the sentiment of the people, whose wishes may be expressed in the words of an Irish member of Parliament: "We do not choose to send our children to Trinity College, and we'll *not* send them."

SCRUTATOR.

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### Exchanges.

In the "Bates Student" for February is an article entitled "Fallen Greatness", which is a cleverly composed essay on the fall of Spain. It is characterized, however, somewhat more by imagination and beauty of description than by either logic or historical accuracy. In one of the concluding paragraphs the writer seems to attribute the cause of Spain's downfall to her putting to death the Moors, and to the persecution of the Jews and heretics by the Inquisition. The Moors had been conquered and forgotten long before the time when Spain attained the pinnacle of its glory. How, then, could they have been the cause of its decay? Then again the Inquisition was not at all such a "horror" as it is painted. To say that it "swept whole provinces out of existence" is a gross exaggeration. The inquistors had in view, the political enemies of Spain and their Inquisition was a mighty influence for Spanish interests. If we search for the real cause of decline, we can only find it in the circumstances governing the rise and fall of nations, and more immediately in the plotting of the revolution. It may be remarked moreover that, however much the Jews in Spain may be commended for having "promoted honest labor and industry", by means of using the capital which they possessed, still their departure from the country was not such a calamity as to bring about the nation's downfall. The moral influence of these people was such that of itself it contributed materially to the ruin of Spain.

One of the beauties of "St. Mary's Sentinel" from Kentucky, is its lucid print and the excellent quality of its paper. It contains also some very readable articles, among them being an essay on "Eloquence", and biographical sketches of Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, of George Washington and of Archbishop



Spalding. The Story, "Brother Against Brother" is a fair composition, but is rather overmuch characterized by the school-boy style of story telling.

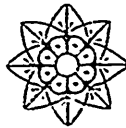
The "Victorian" of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois, contains a very well-written article on the "The Future of America". An apparition appears in sleep to an American general, and shows him the past, the present, and also the future of the United States—a future of decay, owing to the irreligion, divorce, greed, luxury and intemperance with which American society is to-day being undermined. It is well-written article, and one which strikes a timely note of warning. The number also contains a fair sketch of Patrick Henry; the remainder of the matter is devoted to Book Reviews and to speaking a good word for a work on Dante written by one of the college professors. The exchange column is almost exclusively criticism, the object of the writer being avowedly, "to reform college journalism". In this connection it might not be amiss to commend to the careful consideration of the Exchange Editor of the "Victorian" the lines written by Charles Churchill in "The Rosciad".

"But spite of all the criticism elves,

Those who would make us feel—must feel themselves."

It might be well for him to consider whether superiority of "feeling" is so strongly evidenced in his own publication that he can afford consistently to criticize others.

Other Exchanges received are : "Abbey Student," "Acadia Athenaeum", "The Bee", "College Mercury", "The Exponent", "Geneva Cabinet", "Holy Cross Purple", "Notre Dame Scholastic", "Manitoba College Journal", "McMaster University Monthly", "O. A. C. Review", "Purple and Gold", "St. Vincent's College Journal", "St. John's Record", "Vox Wesleyana", "Vox Collegii", "Volla Shield", "William and Mary Magazine".



# Science Notes.

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## A Hydraulic Lift-lock

As the name implies, a lock is a contrivance by which the water of a channel may be confined so as to increase its level. This definition, properly speaking, fits only the old-fashioned style, commonly known as the canal-lock. In this kind of lock the barges are floated from one water-chamber to another, care being taken, to shut the gates behind, so soon as the forward ones are opened, in order to avoid the draining off of surplus water. The series at the Ottawa terminus of the Rideau Canal, leading down to the river, offer good samples.

Many means have been tried to supersede this at best tedious manner of transportation. Mechanical devices on the wedge or screw principle have invariably proved more expensive than useful. It remained for our day to apply that peculiar physical force dependent on Pascal's law of liquids usually called hydraulic pressure. It remained for our own country Canada, to complete the first successful hydraulic lift, and the industrial centre that claims the proud distinction of possessing not only the first successful, but the largest lift-lock in the world, is the wide-awake inland city, of Peterborough, Ontario. An Anderton, England, Les Fontenettes, France, and La Louvriere, Belgium, attempts had been made on similar lines but with defective results, showing nevertheless that the principle involved was a correct one.

A recent issue of the 'Engineering Record' gives a summary of the features of the Canadian lock.

"The special functions of the Peterborough lock are first, to overcome the elevation, second to reduce the time in which this duty is to be performed, third to furnish ample capacity for a given number of lockages or the maximum quantity of tons to be handled avoiding a congested traffic \* \* \* If of the ordinary type, at least five locks would be required when these were in use boats and barges would have to wait until the five lockages have been effected before gaining access. To avoid

such delay the locks would have been built in pairs, as is the case at Lockport on the Erie Canal. The cost of these ten locks would have far exceeded the outlay for the hydraulic lock."

"The principle of the lift lock is extremely simple, it consisting merely of two tanks placed side by side and supported on plungers working in hydraulic cylinders. The two cylinders are connected by a pipe so the water can flow from one to the other, and when one plunger with its tank is at the top of the stroke, the other is at the bottom, the two tanks balancing each other. Since the boat displaces exactly its own weight of water, the balance is maintained when boats are in the tanks, just the same as when they are filled with water, the water being at the same level in both. The proper excess of water being run into the upper tank it descends, forcing the other one to ascend and this action is repeated whenever a boat is to be raised or lowered."

The Trent Valley Canal drops sixty-five feet on the Ashburnham side of the city, consequently the lift is the same. This elevation is surmounted in three minutes, giving a great gain of time, while it saves much more water and gives more room than the old system of successive chambers. Vessels travelling in either direction may be locked through at the same time.

The whole structure is faced with massive masonry and with the adjacent ground tastily arranged by the landscape gardener, this remarkable feat of modern engineering is a civic monument of note.

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## Calendar Reform.

We find it strange that Russia should persist to our day in her anomalous position with respect to the universally adopted Calendar. They claim, of course, that the Gregorian method is as yet imperfect. A little article kindly sent us by Rev. G. Lais, Astronomer at "Torre Leone," Vatican Gardens, Rome, gives in a lucid way a solution of the difficulty that removes all objections to the western method.

Every student knows that the tropical year is from vernal equinox to vernal equinox, roughly speaking, 365 $\frac{1}{4}$  days. To har-

monize this period with the civil year, Julius Cæsar, acting on the advice of Astronomer Sosigenes, established in 45 B.C. the Julian Calendar, in which the extra day accumulated every four years, is inserted in the civil year by repeating the sixth day before the Calends of March; hence the year is called bissextile. In modern parlance, February has one day more in leap year.

But the exact length of the tropical year being really 11 minutes 14.5 seconds shorter than  $365\frac{1}{4}$  days, the vernal equinox was bound to come to come earlier and earlier as time went on. In 400 years the error was 3 days. In the year 1582, when the discrepancy had amounted to 10 days, Pope Gregory introduced a reformation of the Julian Calendar. Dropping ten days, he decreed that thereafter "only such century years should be leap years as are divisible by 400."

The change was immediately adopted by all Catholic countries, but the Greek Church and most Protestant countries refused to acknowledge the Pope's authority. "It was, however, finally adopted in England by an Act of Parliament passed in 1751, dropping 11 days." Russia yet remains reactionary, so that to-day the difference between dates is 13 days, the fall of Port Arthur taking place on Dec. 20th, according to her method.

The Gregorian degree, however, is not the last word, for a error yet remains, amounting to one day in the enormous cycle of 3,200 years. The exact race of astronomers, it appears, cannot brook this. The President of the Commission for the revision of the Russian Calendar, Denison, has advocated the abrogation of the Gregorian method and the general recognition of a cycle of 128 years, in which period one of the Julian leap years is to be dropped. Thus, in the cycle of 128 years there are 31 leap years and 97 ordinary years. Removing the bissextile year of the cycle the following is the equation :

$$31 \times 366 + 97 \times 365 = 46,715 \text{ days.}$$

This divided by 128 gives for the average year a duration of 365.2421875 days, which is the mean astronomical year to one twelve millionth of a day, a result exact enough for all needs.

Padre Lais, however, in his note on the prerogative of the Gregorian Calendar presented M. A. Cornu, to the *Academie des*

*Sciences de l'Institut de France*, maintains that the Gregorian method permits, without any change of its elegant and easy solution of the difficulty a further perfection that will obtain a like coincidence. He advocates the suppression of a leap year in every cycle of 3,200 years, *i.e.*, when the error shall have amounted to one day. Thus, there are in the Gregorian cycle of 3,200 years 800 Julian leap years, 24 of which the Gregorian Calendar suppresses. Dropping the leap of the cycle we have 775 leap years and 2,425 common years. The equation is

$$775 \times 366 + 2425 \times 365 = 1168775 \text{ days.}$$

Dividing by the number of years in the cycle we have for the mean astronomical year  $365.2421875$ . The accord is complete.

W.

## Patents.

The past year has been a busy one for inventors, and, unless all signs fail, manufacturers in the United States intend placing upon the market many new products not heretofore known. During the last year 31,639 patents were issued by the United States Patent Office.

The number of patents which expired in the United States in 1903 was 21,797. The number of allowed applications awaiting the payment of final fees was 10,545, and there are \$5,082,540.61 to the credit of the Patent Office in the Treasury of the United States. Altogether the volume of business done by the U. S. Patent Office last year was the largest in its history.

Germany has purchased land, and plans have been prepared for a new Patent Office building in Berlin to provide accommodation for two thousand employees. Commencing January 1, 1905, the British authorities will follow the method of examination now practised in Canada, the United States and Germany.

# Religious Topics.

## Different Ideals.



IN the March number of "The Presbyterian College Journal"—a monthly periodical published by the students of the Presbyterian College in Montreal—there is an article devoted to the graduates of 1905. It is a biography, a character sketch and a horoscope of the young men, who after years of formation, intellectual and moral, in the "ecclesiastical halls" just mentioned, after a whetting of their scythes, figuratively speaking, are about to go forth "for service in the Master's field."

It is very interesting period in any young man's life when he leaves the halls of preparation to take up the chosen profession. It is doubly interesting in the case of those who, with worthy motives and laudable ambition, possess or develop an anxiety to save those who are perishing in Israel. This will serve, to explain why we approached the article on the "graduates of 1905" with more than ordinary interest—interest in the future of the young men themselves, intensified by a desire to know what words of comfort or advice would be accentuated in the farewell message.

There is a certain amount of playfulness in the article before us, with which we are not concerned. What matters it, from a missionary view-point, if one of these 1905 graduates "holds the record for length of moustache" or if another is designated as "a sprinter of no mean ability". These were never in any age counted as apostolic characteristics.

Beside these statements which are evidently playful, there are some others, the nature of which we are at a loss to determine. We shall quote a few instances in point, and perhaps the reader, will understand our hesitation to pass judgment or the more discerning eye detect what is confessedly beyond our vision.

The declaration is solemnly made concerning one individual, that, whilst acting in the capacity of Business Manager of the "Journal" he was found "proof against all temptation to fill his private coffers at the expense of the paper". We do not wonder at this; but it must be evident on a little reflection that to give such

marked prominence to the sterling honesty of one divine is to create suspicion that such a virtue is rare in aspirants for clerical honors.

Let us cite another instance. It is said that one of these 1905 graduates as a child "swallowed a set of Parliamentary Rules one day, thinking they were caraway biscuits". For our own part we believe this assertion to be of a very legendary character. The writer himself does not seem to credit it, although, to give a color of credibility as it were to this strange proceeding, he relates another incident in the early life of the same individual. It is as follows:

"Sometime during the last half century there appeared on the streets of the little village of Chateauguay Basin one day a serious looking child who occupied himself mainly in the manufacture of mud-pies. A passing stranger became interested, and asked the youngster what he was doing, and what was his name. "My name, Sir", came the answer, "is Milton, and I am studying Geology". "Studying Geology? you look as if you were making mud-pies". "Ah, Sir, that is what I may seem to be doing to your undiscerning eyes, but in reality I am experimenting upon how long it takes pure silica to become what we know as hard and solid rock. And, besides, Sir, if I may not seem to be hude, you are quite out of order in asking my name before you tell me yours. See Cushing's Parliamentary Guide."

We suggest, that a very strict observance of correct procedure has possibly given rise to this curious story. We wish, however, to draw attention to this point, when it is so difficult during the life time of men to find an explanation of the remarkable, how dangerous it is to entrust the sifting of the authentic from the legendary when a name, associated with such precociousness, will be handed over to the worshippers of the extraordinary. How easy to conceive that a future generation will read "Theology" for "Geology", will argue that the *Parliamentary Rules* is allegorical for the Pentateuch and then conclude that this child feat was but an early attraction to the Word of life.

In whatever light the reader may be disposed to view the foregoing, we think that he will agree with us when we say that it would be natural to expect seriousness in a treatment of the vocation of those who feel themselves called as Aaron was, in a description of their preparedness for their work or in an outline of what

they hope or expect to accomplish in their future field of labor. We shall endeavor to show that in this triple respect we are disappointed with the "graduates of 1905."

It is beyond doubt that men do not always find inspiration, or ambition for higher things whilst in contact with the sublime, the beautiful and the true; but what judgment are we to pass on the example before us—a farmer's son, reputed to be the inventor of the plow and the hay-fork, who, whilst watching, it is said "like the Prodigal Son", his employer's flocks, "came to the conclusion that he was meant for higher things than reaping potatoes and milking the poultry"? We are convinced that the first movements of the spirit in the gentleman in question did not take shape in the manner described.

It may safely be asserted that several appositives in the following certificate of qualification might give room to equipment more necessary for a missionary and one at least should be eliminated:

"Mr. G. W. M.—LL.B., B.A., scholar, business man, railroad magnate, private secretary, type-writing expert, lawyer, student missionary, philosopher, skeptic, shorthand expert, theological student, etc. It may be said that one whose gifts are so varied is fitted for any work and that a concentration of the scattered genius is the only requisite for complete success. This concentration is not to be hoped for, as, besides preaching, the gentleman in question is credited with the intention of devoting himself to literary pursuits. In fact his first work will soon appear and the subject announced is "Who Sam Hill really is, was, or hopes to be". Now that the perplexing problems about Ann and Billy Paterson are practically solved, this new work, treated as it is from a theological stand-point ought to be timely and fill the publishers "long-felt want."

In the perusal of the article before us, we were particularly careful to make note of the hopes and expectations of these "graduates of 1905". In only one case do we find the missionary ideal definitely stated and as to the other we are left to conclude, if we will, that it has not yet reached the point of crystallization. It would be hard, however, to conceive anything more definite than this: "to reach the Dowager Empress of China how to run her secret societies, how to keep the Boers within the lines of decency and order, and how to ask questions in apologetics". We could sug-



gest ideals much more satisfying to the hungry multitude, but it is not our place to do so.

There is only one more point in this article to which we wish to refer. We are not a little amazed at what the writer evidently considers a very important factor in ministerial life, namely, the matrimonial realizations or ambitions of his subjects. One gentleman is already united to "a worthy helpmeet"; another is credited with the heroic self-sacrificing disposition of having "enlarged his tent that two might live in it"; a third is said to have been the regular recipient of "those little missives that have the power to—well—ask those who have experience"; of a fourth it is very suggestively stated that "some of the people are very fond of him"; and the conduct of a fifth gives occasion to alarm as to whether "when he had a manse he would live in it alone or not alone". This may appear to be a little banter indulged in at the expense of the individuals, but of the contrary we are quite convinced. Our conviction is strengthened by what Ralph Connor, himself a Presbyterian in his latest story "The Prospector" has to say of his hero, a Presbyterian missionary in the West:

"And yet he knew that it would be a joy almost too great to endure to catch a glimpse of the face that still came to him night by night in his dreams, to hear her voice, and to be near her."

We had no idea that Presbyterian divines insisted so strongly on this point, but upon such good authority what can we do but conclude that their thoughts by day and dreams by night are circumscribed within this periphery.

Different ideals!

D. D.

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## A Catholic Encyclopedia.



ENGLISH speaking Catholics the world over will hail with delight the news that a great Catholic encyclopedia in the English language is soon to become an actuality. The publication of such a work has long been talked about. Its needs and advantages are an old story long discussed and long wished for. It has at last got beyond that stage and is about to become a realization. Arrangements have now been completed in New York city for that purpose, its board of editors formed and a publishing company established and incorporated to undertake it.

### CHARACTER OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA,

The Catholic Encyclopedia is designed to meet the needs of all classes of readers and students, Catholic and non-Catholic. It will present, in concise form, authentic statements of the doctrine and discipline of the Church, historical facts, correct accounts of individuals, equitable judgments on events, situations and controversies.

Among the subjects to be treated in the encyclopedia are:

The Bible: Biblical Criticism, Geography, Antiquities and Languages.

Catholic Theology, doctrinal, moral, ascetical, mystical and pastoral.

The Fathers of the Church and ecclesiastical writers.

Christian Apologetics.

Canon Law; Civil Law affecting the Church.

The Papacy, the Hierarchy and the Priesthood.

Religious Orders and Associations.

The Catholic Laity: religious, scientific and philanthropic work of individuals and organizations.

Relations of Church and State.

Church History; Christian Archaeology.

Biography: the Saints; distinguished Churchmen and Laymen.

Religious Art; architecture, sculpture, painting, music.

Philosophy and Education.

Comparative religion, literature, science, political economy, sociology and civil history, so far as they relate to the Catholic Church, will receive adequate treatment.

Special attention will be paid to those subjects which are of interest to Catholics in English-speaking countries. The growth and present status of the Church in the United States and Canada, in England, Scotland, Ireland and Australia, will be exhibited with full historical and statistical details. Similar information regarding the Church in other countries will be brought within the reach of English-speaking people.

The subjects indicated above, and other subjects that may fall within the scope of the Encyclopedia, will be treated in accordance with the latest results of scientific investigation. In addition, whenever it is called for, a carefully selected list of the best authorities will be given. The bibliography will be an important feature of the Encyclopedia, and will make it especially valuable as a work of reference.

The Encyclopedia will comprise 15 volumes, quarto, each containing 832 pages, 100 text illustrations, 10 half-tones, 3 colored plates and several maps. The plates, topography, paper and binding will be of superior quality. The first volume will appear in one year, and the entire work will be finished in five years from the appearance of the first volume.

#### NEED OF THE WORK.

The need of a Catholic encyclopedia is obvious. It becomes more urgent as the work of the Church develops and compels the attention of thoughtful men. The space which can be allowed to Catholic subjects in a general encyclopedia is too limited to permit their proper treatment. On the other hand, Catholic sources of information are not always accessible. The most effectual means of placing them at the disposal of all readers is an encyclopedia of the character described above.

To the clergy, to every Catholic home, to schools, colleges and libraries, a work of this nature is indispensable. It must appeal also to many non-Catholics whose profession or interest obliges them to have an accurate knowledge of the nature, history and aims of the Church.

So far, we possess nothing in English that corresponds to the Catholic encyclopedia in German and French. The benefits accruing from these publications are a strong argument in favor of the production of a similar work for the English-speaking world.

The editors are confident that the Catholic Encyclopedia, when completed, will be a literary monument to Catholicism wherever the English tongue prevails.

#### EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

The Board of Editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia consists of: Charles Herbermann, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of the Latin Language in the College of the City of New York, Editor-in-Chief.

Edward Aloysius Pace, Ph. D., D. D., Professor of Philosophy in the Catholic University of America.

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John J. Wynne, S. J., Editor of "The Messenger."

The editors will be assisted by eminent scholars, who will lend to the enterprise the weight of their learning and authority in their several departments.

Articles will be contributed by Catholic writers of distinction, not only in English-speaking countries, but in every part of the world.

The Catholic Encyclopedia will profit by the labors of Catholic scholars as presented in foreign encyclopedias and other publications. It will be, however, neither a translation nor a mere adaptation, but an entirely original work in keeping with actual requirements.

#### THE PUBLISHERS.

The publishers of the Encyclopedia are the Robert Appleton Company of New York, organized and directed by men of business ability and experience.

The Board of Directors consists of: Robert Appleton, Hugh Kelly, Edward Eyre, Charles G. Herbermann and Wm. J. Crowley.

The editors and publishers have opened an office at No. 1 Union Square, New York City.

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## The Watch word of a new Bishop.

"Let us colonise and Catholicise New Ontario". In these apostolic words did the new bishop of Sault Ste. Marie map out his program, his life's work, in answering an address after his consecration at Peterborough. "Let us send there Catholic settlers and if necessary do as they did in the old diocese of Quebec; stretch out even across the broad Atlantic and bring hither settlers to gather round and build up the Catholic centres of New Ontario."

His qualifications for the task were well stated in the touching address read by his Lordship former pastor, the venerable Father Keilty of Douro.

"Sincere and unaffected piety, superior learning and administrative ability, uniform kindness and consideration for the rights and feelings of others, unflagging zeal and devotion to duty, marked humility and patience in dealing with the thoughtless and the froward, broad mindedness and the spirit of Christian tolerance and forbearance, noble, priestly energy and zeal for the greater honor and glory of God, sincere, conscientious, devoted."

He will need them all with the robust health that is his, for the spiritual and temporal administration of a diocese as large as Ireland. He is however a typical descendant of a missionary race and he goes forth from the hands of his consecrators with the blessing of God. "Ad Multos Annos."

At the consecration of the Rt. Rev. D. Scollard, were noticed among the one hundred priests present, fifteen old Ottawa boys.

From Toronto diocese—Rev. J. J. Channing '93.

From Peterboro diocese—Rev. M. F. Fitzpatrick '91, Rev. Patrick Galvin '00, Rev. Patrick Kelly '01, Rev. A. G. Kelly.

From Kingston—Rev. Chas. Mea '95.

From Pembroke—Rev. P. G. Ryan '82, Rev. John Ryan '81, Rev. Jos. Warnock '01.

From Alexandria—Rev. D. R. MacDonald '89, Rev. R. MacDonald '89.

From Ottawa—His Grace the Archbishop, The Rev. the Rector, Rev. W. P. O'Boyle '96, Rev. Jas. Foley '88.

W.

# University of Ottawa Review.

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

TERMS:

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Address all communications to the "UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW," OTTAWA, ONT.

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

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Vol. VII.

OTTAWA, ONT., April, 1905.

No. VII.

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## EASTER.

The affidavit of the risen Christ "I am the Resurrection and the Life," is the gladdest message ever sent to man. It sets the seal on Christian optimism. How many stop to realise what it means to live forever in the land of the ever-young, glorious, agile, subtle and impassible, bathed in the glory of the Presence of One who is Love personified, humanized and Deified. Lift up your hearts, ye whose memories are prone to dwell mid the grassy mounds and sculptured stones of God's acre where dear ones lie! Link to those tender memories the souvenir of God's promise!

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## THANK YOU.

Our sincere gratitude is due the Provincial Government for its gracious dole. The defeat of the old administration did not mean 'the retreat of the ten thousand.' 'Tis especially gratifying to note that not a demurrer came from either side of the house. We quote from an Ottawa *Evening Journal* editorial, dated April 13th:—

"We think the Whitney Government did well to carry out the promise of the previous one. And as Ottawa was one of the only two constituencies in Ontario which changed to the Liberal side in the provincial election in January, and Mr. Whitney owed nothing politically to this city, the course of the Government with its large majority has certainly been disinterested and equitable in that respect."

To our Ottawa friends and to the powers that be, once more—  
Thank you!

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 THE KNOW NOTHINGS.

Did you ever see the like of the unprincipled, dishonest, uncharitable war waged in this era of emancipation and in this enlightened country, against freedom of conscience in the matter of separate schools? Well, we have read of something parallel, in the story of religious discrimination in the long-suffering past of Ireland. The same I. O. L. raw meat and bloody bones fury is abroad here, and in the Grand Master's brutal appeal to the majority, regardless of equity and vested rights, we have an echo of the old-world intolerance which would have "the croppies lie down" before the usurping ascendancy.

How the meddling parsons and preachers, patriots all, band together in the hue and cry! But when a dignitary who does represent something, who has in his hands the spiritual safe conduct of half the population, puts in a word, in the right quarter, "without fuss or feathers," he is denounced as an Eytalian schemer endeavoring to introduce the confessional (*sic*) in the schools.

History repeats itself. We remember an "anti Italian" row in England years ago, in 1751 it was, when the British Parliament was shamed into the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar. "Al-

though the Act of Parliament was carefully framed," we quote from Young's Astronomy, "to prevent any injustice in the collection of taxes, payment of rent, etc., the ignorant imagined they had lost something, and serious riots occurred in Bristol, where the cry of the mob was "Give us back our fortnight." To us to-day their insensate stand appears simply ludicrous. And to-day the ignoramuses of Canada are shouting, "Give us equal rights and a free West," as though someone were purloining their personal property. Already their insensate stand is beginning to appear ludicrous. In 1751 'twas ignorance and spite against "the Italian priest" Gregory, in 1905 'tis the same old brand of ignorance, and spite against the representative of Rome—who, by the way, is not an ablegate but a delegate or more *permanent* representative.

#### KICKER'S CORNER.

My Dear Mr. Editor,

Allow me a few lines to enter a protest against the criticism of Pastor Wagner, the author of "The Simple Life", which appeared in the March number of the "Review".

I am at a loss to understand what purpose the writer of this criticism had in view. The gravamen of Mr. Wagner's offending is contained, as far as I can see, in a sentence taken from an interview given by that Reverend gentleman, as published in the N. Y. World, to wit, "America is so much beloved in France, but she is so imperfectly known." The writer on reading this very modest declaration proceeds to erect a fence around "the land of liberty" to protect it from "continental slander". "Anyhow" he petulantly exclaims, "we Americans want to be let alone". To warn off trespassers he hangs out over the top rail of the fence the notice "*Cave Canem*" "Don't worry the animals".

The American eagle has grown very sensitive to flattery of late. Be afraid henceforth to remotely suggest that a beak is to bite or a talon to clutch, because you are, forsooth in a fair way to offend, unless you are assured that you understand the nature of the bird, for "even our admirers must understand us". The British Lion used to complain a bit when his tail was given an unusually violent twist, but he was a good-natured brute compared with this latest pin-feathered addition to the menagerie of nations.



Your correspondent very ludicrously misrepresents his fellow-countrymen, for, in my humble opinion Uncle Sam is too sensible to be pleased or annoyed by the harmless opinion of outsiders.

I am not concerned with Pastor Wagner's "Simple Life", but I am very credibly informed that the simplicity is only a few common truths very honestly expressed and not at all antithetical to the strenuousness of our big neighbor. Time was when our friends were rather loud in telling the world that there was no opposition between the fullest measure of truth and the progressive spirit of "Young America."

P. SHAW.

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## OBITUARY.

It is our sad duty to record the death of Louis Talbot of Chicoutimi, P.Q., who attended the classes of our Commercial Course during the year 1900 and 1901.

As a prominent member of the Choral Society, of the Dramatic Club and of the S. S. Orchestra, he enjoyed, among the students a well-deserved popularity. Gifted with a big heart and joyful disposition he made friends of all those who came in contact with him.

To his bereaved parents we offer, our most sincere sympathy.

### CHARLES KEHOE.

On Monday afternoon, April 10, the sad news was received at the College that Charles Kehoe was no more. After a month of sickness from an affection of the heart his brave spirit had yielded to the attacks of the disease, and his pure soul had left for a better world. The sorrowful tidings seemed to come to professors and students as a great personal loss. It was indeed difficult to realize that never again would hall and corridor re-echo to his youthful tread, that no more would his merry laugh resound in class-room and playground. It was known among the boys for some time that their young fellow-student had been lingering between life and death, but everyone had a faint hope that youth and vigor would be successful in staving off the grim Destroyer. The little groups of mournful friends, the absence of all mirth, the floral and spiritual offerings placed on the coffin, all bore eloquent witness of the general sorrow at the cruel

cutting-short of so bright a life, and of the love and friendship which the young deceased had engendered in the hearts of all who knew him.

Charles Eugene Kehoe was born in Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., fifteen years ago, and there received his primary education. When the time arrived, his father, an old student of Ottawa University, knew of nowhere better than his *Alma Mater* to fit his son for his life's work. Accordingly, at the age of eleven years "Charlie" came to Ottawa to continue his studies. After two most successful years in the commercial department he entered the classical course, where he delighted his teachers by his intelligence and application, giving every promise of a particularly brilliant career. But all bright hopes and aspirations were destined never to be realized. An all-seeing and inscrutable God ordained that it should be otherwise, and in the midst of his studies and pastimes, his friendships and dreams of the future, the heavy hand of death was laid upon him, and he answered to the summons of his Maker. It was thought that a few days' rest was all that was required, but the days lengthened into weeks and the end was not yet. Ever cheerful and bright the young patient hoped always for the best. Although nothing was left undone which could minister to his comfort, the disease obtained an ever-strengthening hold and a week previous to his death his condition became much worse. His father was summoned to the bedside and the brave sufferer rallied for a time, but the handicap was too great and the poor heart gave way. In the midst of relatives and friends strong and reliant in the rites of his holy religion, his soul at length left the pain-racked body to take its appointed place amongst God's faithful. The sad but beautiful funeral service was chanted at St. Joseph's Church by the students, who afterwards accompanied the remains some distance on the way to its last resting-place. At the grave the solemn burial service was read and the cold earth closed over the mortal form of one of whom it may well be said—

“Angels, rejoice! a child is born  
Into your happier world above,  
Let poor short-sighted mortals mourn  
While, on the wings of heavenly love,  
An everlasting spirit flies  
To claim its kindred in the skies.”

# Our Alumni.

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## University of Ottawa Men in Politics.

(Continued).

SIR E. P. MORRIS, K.C., LL.D.

**I**N the political arena of Canada's sister North American colony, Newfoundland, there is also an Ottawa University graduate who has brought honor to his *Alma Mater* by the service he has rendered to his country, and by the success and high position which he has attained. In 1879 there graduated from Ottawa University Edward P. Morris, whose home was in St. John's, Newfoundland. Born on May 8th, 1859, he received his early education at the College of St. Bonaventure, in his native city, coming thence to Ottawa to complete his studies. Returning to St. John's, he decided to enter the legal profession, and began the study of law under Sir James S. Winter, being admitted as a Solicitor of the Supreme Court in 1884. Called to the bar in the following year, he was almost immediately honored by being elected a member of the House of Assembly for the city of St. John's, a position which he has held ever since, having the peculiar and unique honor of never having been defeated at the polls. In connection with his legal practice, Mr. Morris quickly became one of the most prominent members of the profession in Newfoundland, and has attained eminence as a successful criminal lawyer. In 1889 he became a member of the Executive Council, and has almost continually occupied a position on the Executive since that date, being at present Minister of Justice. In 1895 he was delegate to Ottawa as a member of the Confederation Conference, and took a leading part in the deliberations that followed. In 1901 he went with the Premier, Sir Robert Bond, to the Colonial Office to discuss the French Shore question. In 1902 the University of Ottawa honored him with the degree of LL.D., and last year the services of this distinguished statesman were recognized by the Imperial Government when the dignity of knighthood was conferred upon him by King

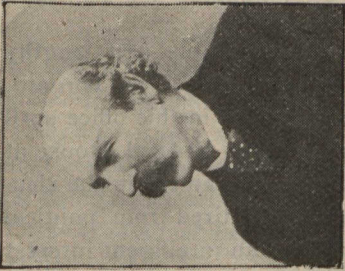
Edward. Sir Edward Morris has introduced into the Legislature many useful measures, among which may be mentioned the Act creating life insurance for fishermen who lose their lives while engaged at the Bank fishery ; the Act for the establishment of Higher Education ; the Act for the establishment of a Fire Department ; and the Employer's Liability Act.

HONORÉ ROBILLARD, EX-M.P.

Strictly speaking, the words "University of Ottawa" do not apply to the subject of our sketch, for in Mr. Robillard's student days there was no such institution as the "University of Ottawa" then existing. But if not in reality and maturity, there was indeed a "University of Ottawa" in embryo in the modest stone structure on Sussex street to which, more than fifty years ago, there came every day for the reception of knowledge, men, who have since made their mark in the world, such as Archbishop Duhamel and Judge Curran. This structure was known as the "College of Bytown;" and among those attending it was the subject of the present sketch, Mr. Honoré Robillard.

Mr. Robillard, after leaving the college, went into business as a stone and lime merchant, and by strict attention to business and a marked ability, soon attained a wonderful degree of success, so that some years ago he was able to retire from active participation in business. The affairs of the firm are now entirely in the hands of Mr. Robillard's son, Mr. Bruno Robillard.

In politics, Mr. Robillard has had an honorable and lengthy career. At first a member of the Provincial House in Toronto, representing Russell County in 1884, he continued in this office until he exchanged his seat in Toronto for one in the Federal House at Ottawa. Ottawa sent him to the Dominion Parliament in the elections of 1888, and re-elected him in 1892. He retired from political life in 1896, but has always since manifested an intelligent interest in the political affairs of the Capital, and in all election campaigns since then has been a strong supporter of the Conservative party, of which he has been a life-long adherent.



Honoré Robillard, ex-M.P.



Dennis Murphy, B.A.



Armand Lavergne, M.P.



Sir E. P. Morris, K.C., LL.D.

## DENNIS MURPHY, B.A. '92.

Dennis Murphy, '92, is our representative graduate in the far West. Born in 1870 at Lake La Hache, British Columbia, he came to the East, proverbially the home of wise men, for his education. He went back a full-fledged barrister, to practice law in his native province. The constituency of West Yale sent him to the Local House, and during his term there, so splendid an evidence of his administrative ability and oratorical talent was given, that the portfolio as Minister of Education was allotted to him. The immediate interests of an extensive law-practice, however, prevented a permanent retention of the gift of the Legislature with its responsibilities. Since his retirement from political life, he has concentrated his energies on strictly professional work in the town of Ashcroft. Dennis will long be remembered by the 'old boys' of his day as the 'Demosthenes' of his class, in fact the peer of any graduate of the institution in persuasive, magnetic delivery. His valedictory is yet a landmark in traditions of the *ante-ignem* days. His literary power and versatility made him a pillar of strength on the College editorial staff.

We feel sure that with his gifts and the opportunities of the West, Mr. Murphy will shed more lustre on Alma Mater and on the mountain province.

## ARMAND LAVERGNE, B.L., M.P.

Armand Lavergne, member of the House of Commons of the Dominion for the constituency of Montmagny, P.Q., while still a young man and one of the junior members of the House, has proved, by several excellent contributions to the debates of Parliament, that he possesses the material which promises for him a prominent place among Canadian statesmen of the future. Mr. Lavergne was born on February 21st, 1880, at Arthabaskaville, and is the son of Hon. Joseph Lavergne, judge and jurist, who, for ten years, represented Drummond and Arthabaskaville in the Federal House.

Mr. Armand Lavergne was educated at Arthabaskaville College, the Seminary of Quebec, the University of Ottawa and the University of Laval. He married on December 1st, 1904, Georgetta Roy, daughter of Phillippe H. Roy, K.C., M.L.A., of Montreal. He was first elected to Parliament for Montmagny at a bye-election in 1904, and was again returned at the general elections in December of last year. Mr. Lavergne is a lawyer of the province by profession, bu

possesses, as well, admitted journalistic ability, having contributed many articles to American and Canadian periodicals on political, national and international topics. He is a staunch adherent of the Nationalist section of the Liberal party, and may even be relied on to give fearless and courageous vent to his opinions on imperial and national subjects.

As Mr. Lavergne was a student at Ottawa University for a number of years, the students of this institution will follow with interest the successful career which awaits him.

J. C. W., '05.

### **Mr. W. F. Tye, Chief Engineer, C. P. R.**

From the *Montreal Star* for April 8th we clip the following sketch of the rapid rise of an old student to the position of Chief Engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway :

Mr. Tye was born on March 5th, 1861, was educated at Ottawa University and at the School of Practical Science, Toronto, from 1878 to 1881, and entered the railway service in the spring of 1882. From that time until 1885 he served successfully as roadman, leveller, transit man on location, and afterwards assistant engineer on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. During 1886 and 1887 he was transit man and assistant engineer of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway. The following year he served as engineer of tracks and bridges and on the Tangles branch of the Mexican Central Railway. In 1890 he was locating engineer of the Great Falls and Canada Railway of Montana, and in 1891 and 1892 engineer in charge of location and division engineer of the Pacific extension of the Great Northern Railway. The following two years, 1893 and 1894, found him in the Canadian Territories as engineer in charge of the change of gauge of the Alberta Railway and Coal Company's road. In 1895 he was chief engineer of the Kelso and Slocan Railway and of the Trail Creek Tramway Company. From 1896 to March, 1900, he was chief engineer of the Colombia and Western Railway, and from March, 1900, to June, 1902, chief engineer of construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. In June, 1902, he was appointed assistant chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific system, and on May 10th 1904, was appointed chief engineer of the same road.

The REVIEW tenders its congratulations.

# Athletics.

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## BOWLING.

In last month's issue it was stated that we had few if any expert bowlers. This was a misleading statement, however, as events have already shown. Since the bowling league has been organized the fourteen teams composing it have demonstrated that, although bowling is not a common sport among us, it has found many who are able to clear the alley nearly every time. The league series is not yet finished. The team in the lead so far are those captained by Messrs. Derham, Bawlf and George.

## BASEBALL.

With the disappearance of the snow, Varsity Oval is again fit to receive the athletes who have already established its reputation as a sporting ground. The first in order of the games is baseball, and the local fans have already begin trying out their new material. There are sprouting baseballers in our midst so far as present indications go, and there is every reason to believe that our team this year will compare favorably with its predecessors.

The baseballers of the transpontine city are also practising and it is rumored that they are determined to break their record this year by defeating college. Our best wishes, Hull!

## FOOTBALL.

Football enthusiasts often wonder how it is that Ottawa College turns out so many first class footballers from such a small number of students. One of the reasons is that an opportunity is never allowed to slip. It is in pursuance of this principle that a spring football series is arranged every year. In this series all the likely men are put in line, the novices to learn the game and the experienced men to perfect their knowledge of it. The Executive Committee of the present season are desirous of keeping to traditions and, as a consequence, a series has been decided upon. Four



teams are comprised in the schedule. The captains are Messrs. Filiatreault, M. Smith, Sloan and Lajoie. It behooves us to remind the players that those who play the best football in spring are first considered when choosing men for intermediate and senior ranks in the fall.

Be on your guard, boys, for the eye of the manager is upon you. Remember the motto of our peerless coach, "Play ball till the whistle blows and let your captain do the talking!"

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## Of Local Interest.

Have you had spring fever?

The New Arts Building will be occupied the first day of May.

Where did Anson get the coat? Or rather where the nerve to wear it?

Le grand chef Raoulus,—The Windsor "Calmez-vous! Calmez-vous!"

During the month the Philosophers were permitted to hear several of the speeches on the Autonomy Bill.

Prof.—In what state were the most divorces granted last year?

Pupil.—In the married state, sir.

In order to set the public mind at rest, we take this opportunity to state that Mr. G—tz is entirely recovered. Buffalo papers, please copy.

Professor, illustrating the phases of the moon:—"Let us suppose this hat to be the moon."

J. F.—"Do you assume that the moon is inhabited?"

Arrangements have been completed for the annual prize debate, to be held under the auspices of the English Debating Society, shortly after Easter. In deciding to have the debate take place at so early a date—much earlier than in former years—the executive make a move in the proper direction. The names of the members who will this year strive for the Rector's medal are Messrs. Freeland, McDonald, Cavanaugh and O'Toole. May the best man win!

During the first week in May the French Debating Society will hold a public debate in the Sacred Heart Hall. Those competing will be Messrs. Collin, Lapointe, Séguin and St. Jacques. These four gentlemen are exceptionally good debaters, really talented speakers. The contest therefor ought to prove most interesting, one worthy of the traditions of the Society.

The members of the Junior Debating Society under the direction of Mr. H. J. MacDonald have had a most successful season. This society has done a great deal towards promoting public speaking amongst the younger boys. In order to crown this successful season, the executive decided to hold a prize contest. The juvenile orators chosen were Messrs. Beroard, Burns, Fleming, Halpin. In order to make the affair a success, let all the students turn out to encourage the young debaters.

The closing evening given by the French Debating Society was a brilliant and encouraging testimony to the proficiency in the art of public speaking, attained by its members. The officers, especially the Director, Rev. Father Normandin, President Collin and Secretary Seguin, deserve all praise for the excellent showing of the Society. A prize for declamation in the first division, presented by Mr. Oliver Dion, was awarded to Mr. A. Desrosiers, and a gold medal presented by Mr. Louis Gauthier, became the personal property of W. Baril, first in the second division.

The programme, which was a varied one, and well sustained throughout was as follows:—

## PART I.

- |       |                               |                                  |
|-------|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| I.    | Ouverture .....               | I. Desrosiers.                   |
| II.   | Address .....                 | Le President.                    |
| III.  | L'Hospitalité effrayante..... | H. St. Jacques.                  |
| IV.   | Le Drapeau de Carillon.....   | R. Morin.                        |
| V.    | Chanson—Le Crucifix .....     | H. Lamothe.                      |
| VII.  | Duc .....                     | H. St. Jacques and<br>A. Seguin. |
| VIII. | La conscience .....           | D. Collin.                       |
| IX.   | L'Inventeur .....             | E. Chartrand.                    |
| X.    | Chanson .....                 | A. Desrosiers.                   |

## PART II.

## Declamation—First Division.

- |     |                                 |                |
|-----|---------------------------------|----------------|
| I.  | Le petit écureuil .....         | A. Desrosiers. |
| II. | Brisquet .....                  | M. Rousseau.   |
|     | Le gland et la citrouille ..... | C. Dubois.     |

## Declamation—Second Division.

- |      |                        |             |
|------|------------------------|-------------|
| I.   | Le retour .....        | E. Brunet.  |
| II.  | Daulac .....           | W. Baril.   |
| III. | Hindelang .....        | E. Boulay.  |
| V.   | Baptiste Auclair ..... | E. Béroard. |
|      | 'Cello .....           | G. Lamothe. |

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

An alumnus of '03 offers a volume of Burns' Poems for the best short story. Competition limited to fourth and fifth forms. Not more than 400 words. Stories to be handed to the Managing Editor before May 24th.